

APRIL 19, 1923

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## Where the Presidents bought their hats

THESE two brown Windsor chairs in the hat store of Charles Knox saw "distinguished service" for fifty years. It was here President Lincoln sat, and General Grant.

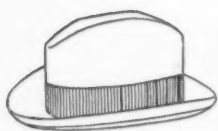
And in the fifty years that followed, every American President, and many other leaders in our nation's life, made use of these chairs when they bought their Knox Hats.

But not one of the Presidents who have worn Knox Hats received better style or more courteous service than you will receive in any shop where Knox Hats are sold today, from San Francisco to New York.

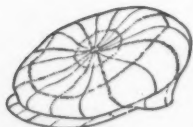
*In leading stores throughout the country wherever the Knox Coat of Arms is displayed, you are assured of style, quality and courteous attention.*

NEW YORK  
Fifth Ave. at 40th St.

SAN FRANCISCO  
51 Grant Avenue



The intangible something that gives the Knox Fifth Avenue Soft Hat its character is its combination of unmatched style and perfect workmanship. \$7.



On the most famous golf courses of America you see Knox Caps on the heads of men who are as precise about correct dress as they are about correct form. \$2.50 to \$5.00.

# KNOX HATS

FOR MEN  
AND WOMEN



## Our Cook Has Youth

It has been some years since an apple fell on Newton's head and he discovered gravity. Yet every day or so our cook demonstrates it by dropping a crock or platter on the floor, and utterly fails to realize the gravity of the performance. However, she is alive to other scientific phases of her work. She is well aware that soup is expected to run more or less off temperature and that you have to watch it—treacherous stuff, soup!—or before you get it served, it will be back to subnormalcy. In her keen way of getting right down to essentials, she has come to know that in the last analysis cookery is only the scientific application of heat. You simply put an egg in boiling water and the thing is done.

When our cook was a mere slip of a girl—she is hardly more than that now—it was her ambition to become a cook at \$75 a month. She has attained the latter half of that ambition. And yet she still is simple and unassuming. It was we who made the assumption. We assumed she could cook.

The marvelous part of it all is that she learned everything she knows about cooking by standing outside Childs' and watching the gentleman in the white cap flip griddle cakes. She got every motion of it by heart. Given the batter, she can't be equalled.

In the fullness of her knowledge, she is convinced that the world of cookery and the world of sport are not half so far apart as the uninitiated would suppose. She can tell you that when you bring in a couple of oranges to serve, you don't carry them rolling around on a plate. You are too likely to fumble. Just carry them in under your arm and toss them over to the table for the folks to catch. Another thing you must watch when serving, she can warn you, is getting offside. That's the darndest thing. Seems as if lots of folks are able to help themselves only on one side—must be a bit rheumatic or deaf or something on the other. But, properly, that is not cooking but waiting, which our cook does only to show her versatility.

As stated before, our cook has the big advantage of being young. In the bright lexicon of youth, there is no such word as indigestion. Being a young cook, she is learning right along; in fact, her motto may be said to be: Live on—Learn on.

The only trouble is that she is living on—and learning on us.

F. D.

## From a Radio, to Jane

AERIAL to Miranda:—take  
This bedtime story for the sake  
Of him who sends it out to thee,  
Broadcasting from NMYZ.  
The program the announcer gives,  
Is no especial fault of his.  
From you he only dares to crave  
You will hook up to his wave,  
Listening with gentle patience  
To the latest grain quotations,  
Sermons made the more emphatic  
By the sputtering of static,  
Oracles of time and tide,  
"Why the ostrich loves to hide,"  
The melodies of flute and lyre,  
"What to do in case of fire,"  
— from passing ships,  
Exercises for the hips,  
Guessing contests, talks on thrift,  
Readings by Cornelia Swift,  
Gems from Arthur Schopenhauer,  
"How to garner selling power."  
The morons who this program  
wrought  
To stimulate the public thought,  
Are proven by the instrument  
To offer little brain content.  
The Spirit that inhabits it  
Talks but according to the wit  
Of its companions; and no more,  
Lest it should prove itself a bore.  
(A sad reflection on the brains  
Of our beloved Johns and Janes.)  
H. W. H.

## The Poet Lariat

MOTTO of the Tired Business  
Man who spends his evenings at the  
Follies; "All I know is what Will  
Rogers reads in the papers."

## "Old Town Canoes"



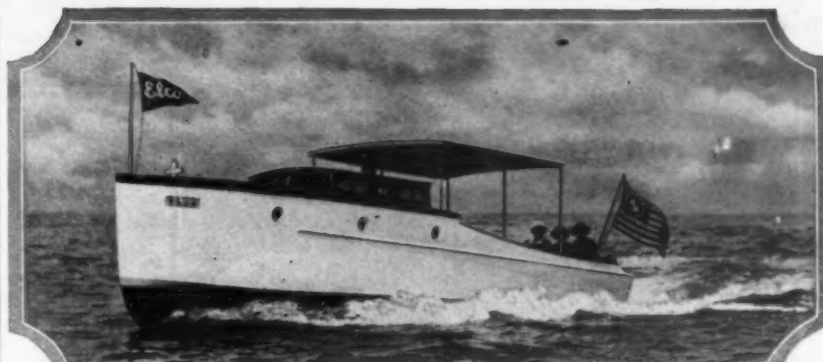
## The Joy of a Really Fine Canoe

AT the foot of the float is tied an "Old Town." It rests on the water, graceful, inviting. The gunwales and decks are of rich, red mahogany. An artistic trim runs from bow to stern. You step in. Lightly, you dip your paddle, and the canoe moves easily over the surface. Then you realize why the "Old Town" is the finest of all canoes. The true Indian lines make for speed and steadiness. An "Old Town" is the best made, and lowest priced of canoes. \$54 up, from dealer or factory.

The 1923 catalog shows all models in full colors. Write for one to-day.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.

1334 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.



A New Elco Model—30 ft. Veedette

## The Most Exacting Select Elco Boats

IF you had the opportunity of visiting the Motor Boat Show, at the Grand Central Palace, New York City, no words that we could say would be needed to convince you of the outstandingly complete superiority of Elco Standardized Boats. Thousands of Elco admirers stood in line for hours just to go aboard and examine the four boats in this wonderful exhibit and astonishing numbers placed their orders, that they might be sure of securing an early delivery.

The record for success behind Elco Standardized Models—the splendid exhibit at the Grand Central Palace,

and, finally, the way the public are actually buying these boats, indisputably proves their success.

At our new permanent Show Room, in the heart of the hotel and shopping district, you can see all four Elco boats—just as they were at the Show—just as yours will be when you receive it. You can select your motor boat as easily as you select your motor car.

The best proof of Elco values is to compare these models with other boats; no further argument will be necessary. You are cordially invited to call and inspect these

### Elco Standardized Models

30-foot Veedette, 15 miles 40-foot Double Cabin Cruiser  
34-foot Cruisette, 12 miles 45-foot Cruiser, Owner's Stateroom  
Twin-Screw Deck House Cruiser

In the meantime, write for handsome catalog or, if convenient, visit our works at Bayonne, N. J.

## The Elco Works

Main Office and Works:  
175 AVENUE A, BAYONNE, N. J.  
New York Show Room:  
46th Street and Park Avenue  
New York Office: 11 Pine Street

## Their Order Was Placed

THE teacher of the kindergarten Sunday School class was asking each member if there was a little brother or sister at home who might soon be eligible for admission to the class. One little boy, as he heard the proud responses of the children in front of him, felt that he was rapidly losing caste.

"No, ma'am," he admitted reluctantly, then added in sudden desperation: "But, we're going to get one!"

The \$1,000.00 Title Contest starts next week. Open to everyone under the conditions set forth in the April 26th issue.

## Boat Talk

A child who is not at home on the water while still a child can never become so when a man or woman grown.

We have new sail boats and new motor boats which are sturdy and safe and cost less than a fur coat or the cheapest motor car.

### Give Your Child a Chance

We also make more costly boats.

Cape Cod Shipbuilding Corp.  
Wareham Massachusetts

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



*Lots of style and color in  
the new*

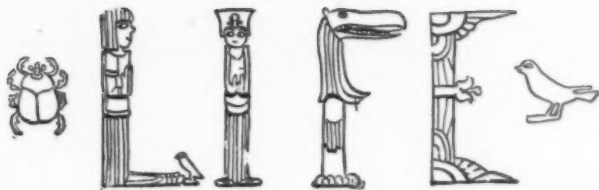
**HART SCHAFFNER  
& MARX  
COATS FOR WOMEN**

Shadowy overplaids, soft  
undertones, stripes and  
checks in new cluster var-  
iations; fine, rich woolens  
You'll like the colorings  
and patterns, you'll like  
the smart style lines, the  
long service, and the rea-  
sonable prices

**HART SCHAFFNER  
& MARX**







## The Princess at Luxor

THEY brought you up to the glaring sun,  
Who had three thousand years of dusk—  
A slender brown Princess in crumbling robes,  
Like a sandalwood image with spice and musk.

Did the strange gods keep their faith with you,  
Osiris and Hathor and Pasht and the rest,  
With their symbols gay on your painted case  
And the scarab laid in your tender breast?

You were so young And the centuries passed,  
And the gray sand swirled above your tomb.  
Was the "ka" of you born on the earth again  
That its broken blossom might reach full bloom?

Perhaps you were loved as a beggar maid,  
Being tired of kings and of royal sway.  
Are you searching still for your happiness—  
Did I pass your soul on the street to-day?

*Katharine Parker Thore.*



*He:* This is the mummy of a princess who lived three thousand years ago.  
*She:* Gracious, how homely the women were in those days!



## Mrs. Pep's Diary

in spite of it? Their idea, methinks, is that cheerful persons are nitwits whom the gods have given blinkers against realities. Which is not true. I have come to the conclusion that the

**April 12th** Lay late, pondering my recent discovery that my temperament is the exact reverse of the Russian in kind, but like it in degree. Russians are always up or down, and generally down; whereas I am the same thing, only generally up, thanks be to God. I am now at an age where my contemporaries inject into their conversation remarks about the futility of life, boring me unutterably thereby. Granting there be a catch in the cosmic scheme, why should cynics who give up because of it feel superior to citizens who do the best they can

secret of a blithe spirit is the ability to recognize a stone wall at first sight. . . Did on this evening my new chignon, the first false hair that ever I wore in my life, and felt like a thief when my coiffure was fairly bespoken.

**April 13th** Up and to the shops, buying myself a bottle of scent on the strength of its name, "*Un Jour Viendra*," and hoping that its odor will justify my psychology. . . To luncheon at an inn with Kate Mitchell, and I did confine myself to consommé and

celery, albeit the card announced noodles with a venison pasty, and I was at some pains to withstand them. And as we were waiting for Kate's car, something struck her in the eye, causing her such agony that I was forced to take her to an oculist and accompany her child in her stead to the circus.

**April 14th** Relieved not to learn, upon telephoning Kate, that her boy had died in the night. For, albeit I said naught of it, such news would not have surprised me, in view of all the peanuts and confections which he wheedled me into letting him consume, even though I knew Kate follows the modern plan of making the poor little wretch subsist on weak broth and an occasional bite of spinach, with one chocolate for good behavior at Easter and Christmas. Lord! I often wish that such a regimen had been vogue in my childhood, for if it had, my stomach would not now be strong enough to enable me to eat what I please and I should not be concerned with weights and measures.

Baird Leonard.



### His Mite

Sunday School Teacher: Freddy, what are you doing?  
Freddy (shooting paper wads): Just trying to make Sunday School more interesting.



### To a Bad Black Kitten

**Y**OU will be sorry when you die  
And find that you are the only kitten in your family  
Not in Heaven.  
When you look through the White Bone Gates  
And see your father and mother and sisters and  
brothers  
Flying from tree to tree on their chicken wings,  
Or playing Jew's-harps and singing, singing,  
With no one to stop them.

You will be very lonely,  
For there will be only you and the bad Robber Kitten  
outside.

And when you see the streets of Cat Heaven  
Stretching out in long even rows,  
Like the back-yard fences at home,  
And the fountains of cream and milk,  
And the plates of fish and chicken on every corner,  
And the pink-lined baskets which are the houses in  
Cat Heaven,  
And the open fire-places and the bright sunshine,  
You will wish that you had been good!

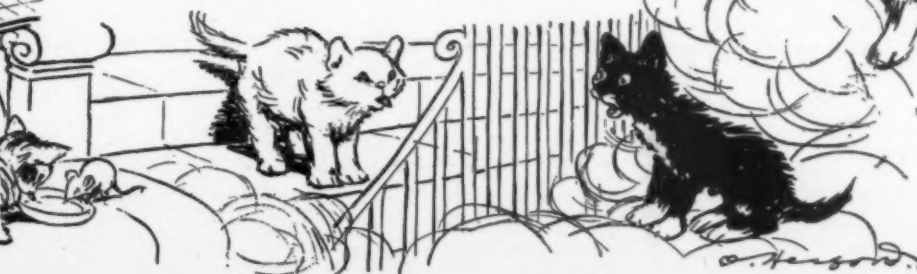
The little White Kitten  
You scratched so badly yesterday,  
Will be in heaven,  
Because it turned its other cheek for you to scratch,  
And it will come and stick its pink tongue out at you,  
Through the bars of the White Bone Gates.  
And a catnip mouse with mechanical insides  
(There is no death even for mice in Heaven)  
Will poke its nose out at you,  
And throwing its tail over its arm will dance a jig,  
Because you cannot reach it.

Oh, Bad Black Kitten, reform your ways!  
Cover your sharp claws with the soft velvet of piety,  
Replace your sputterings with the sweet purr of flattery,  
Sit at your Mistress' feet and sing her a song of praise  
(Even though you would rather be lolling at ease in  
the sunshine).

Do these things, Little Black Kitten,  
And the Heaven of Puss-in-Boots will be yours!

And for goodness' sake,  
Come home at night!

Mabel Cleland Ludlum.







"How often must I tell you that you can't fight with boys, Charlotte?"  
 "Oh, but Mother, I can! You ought to see Jimmy Park's bloody nose."

### Mother Goose, Interpolated

"LITTLE BOY BLUE, come blow your horn." Everybody else is doing it.

"Baa, baa, Black Sheep, have you any wool" that is not about forty per cent. cotton?

"There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise." He bought all his coal in the spring.

"There was a man and he had nought, so robbers came to rob him" of his tax-exempt securities.

"Goosey, goosey gander, whither do you wander? Up-stairs and down-stairs" looking for a reasonably priced apartment.

"When I was a little boy I lived by myself, and all the bread and cheese I got" I bought at the delicatessen store.

"Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon" when the cat took up the saxophone.  
 A. H. F.



Daugherty: A little slow, Mr. President, but an echo has to take its time.

### Checking Up on the Russians

ON the program of the Moscow Art Theatre in New York each play is outlined, scene by scene, for those few in the audience who do not understand Russian. After several weeks of trying to follow the action by reading these notes in the dimly lighted theatre, the following composite program has been evolved:

#### The Three Hang-Nails

By Ivan Ivan

CHARACTERS:

*Fyodor Snegiryoff*—A dissolute doctor who has become obsessed with the idea that he is a sleigh-bell, causing him to sit all day and mutter "jangle-jangle." He was at one time the murderer of his uncle.

*Captain Orlitch*—The crippled son of Irma Kasilova. He is in love with Santa Claus, but has said nothing about it owing to his broken leg.

*Vassily Gratz*—Second of the three brothers, each of whom owns no horses. He is morbidly excited over the marriage of his sister to her father.

*Irma Kasilova*—The blind Queen, who was killed by her uncle three days before the play opens. She sits over in the corner of the room and says nothing.

The action takes place in the Men's Wash Room of the State Work House.

#### SCENE 1.

Strepolieff enters and demands to know what has become of his mother, whom he last saw when he was a little boy. Strepolieff tells him that she is not there but is living with Strepolieff, the town drunkard. Strepolieff then plunges into the oven.

#### SCENE 2.

Mme. Strepolievna enters and drags Strepolieff out of the oven. She places him on a table and tells him that there is no such thing as an after-life; that God has denied it Himself; that Man must die in order to be born and must be born in order to die; that he, Strepolieff, must renounce his religion and become an acrobat if he wishes to save his soul.

#### SCENE 3.

Driven nearly mad by the thought of becoming an acrobat, Strepolieff turns to opiates as a relief and dreams that he is Moses. He confronts his own soul with the alternatives of hanging or making faces



*Kindly Acquaintance:* And what are you going to call him?

"Warren, ma'am—Warren T."

"I see—after the President. That's nice, and what does the T. stand for?"

"Tut-ankh-Amen, ma'am."

at himself in the mirror and chooses making faces at himself in the mirror. The cat comes into the room and then goes right out again.

#### SCENE 4.

Strepolieff hears a sound at the medicine-chest and, on opening it, discovers Strepolieff hanging there where he has been left by the police. Strepolieff cuts him down and laughs at him for being hanged when there are so many better things to do.

#### SCENE 5.

The captain of the police, Strepolieff, enters and asks for a drink. Strepolieff gives it to him and tells him that there is no God. The captain asks if anybody would like to see him turn a cart-wheel, and, as there is no answer, he takes out a big sword and kills himself.

#### SCENE 6.

Strepolieff decides that, after all, a dinner-coat is too informal and that full-dress is safer.

#### CURTAIN.

Robert C. Benchley.

### Necessary Garden Equipment

THE wisdom of Socrates, the strength of Hercules, the endurance of Atlas, the conquering power of Napoleon, the versatility of Leo-

nardo da Vinci, the patience of Job, the optimism of Pollyanna—and the courage in the autumn to say, "Well, never mind, next year it will be a garden."



"Aren't squirrels just the dearest things!"

"Oh, no, seals are much dearer."



Sooky: He don't wanna come, do he?  
 Skippy: 'Course he don't. What ya should ought to do is to take the tail off'n him.



"Me an' Pop was thinkin' o' sawin' it off."  
 "Aw, they don't saw 'em off, they bite 'em off."



"Listen, Sooky, do me a favor—bite off the dog's tail now."



"Why should I bite the tail off'n him?"  
 "Oh! Maybe I should do it, huh? I should bite your dog's tail off!"



"Let's not fight, Sooky. I'm only doin' what's right. Just bite it off and you'll have a thoroughbred."  
 "I wish I could get me noive up."



"That's easy! Just close your eyes and think of a chocolate éclair—nothing can be sweeter than that."



"How's it coming, Sooky?"



"Ker-choo! Ker-choo!"  
 "It's still on."



"Oh, no wonder! Ya ain't got any front teeth!"



## Wanderlust

I WANT to go out to the woodlands green,  
And stand 'neath the mighty trees.  
I'm longing to hark to the mournful keen,—  
The voice of the wistful breeze.  
I'll find me the place where the fox-gloves start,  
And violets coyly bloom,  
Where the whispering cypress stands apart  
In mystical, fragrant gloom.  
I'll go where the feathery grasses lean  
To gaze in the placid brook;  
I want to go out to the woodlands green,  
And never give them a look.

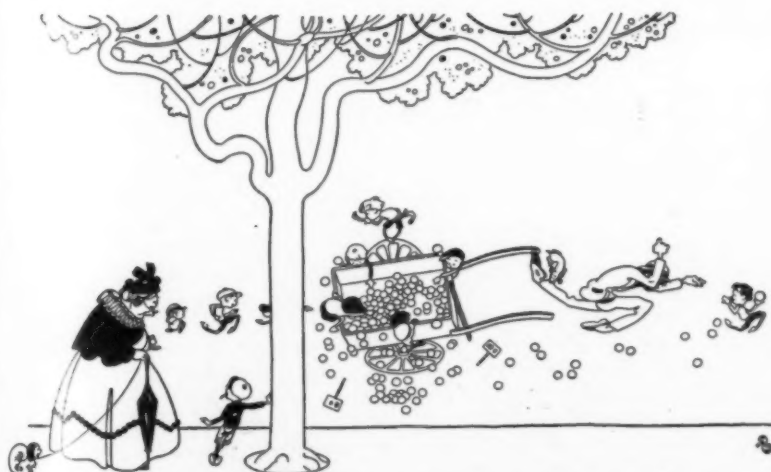
I want to go down to the open sea;  
I'll search for a sunlit strand  
Where clean-scented winds blow cool and free  
O'er glittering, swirling sand.  
I want to go out on the sparkling shore  
Where frolicsome wavelets play;  
I'm yearning to feel on my cheek, once more,  
The kiss of the ardent spray.  
There's longing, down deep in the heart of me,  
To look on the sun-shot foam.  
I want to go down to the open sea,—  
And then I'll come right back home.

I want to go back to a country town,  
Afar from the city's thrills,—  
A dear little village that's snuggled down  
Asleep, by the guardian hills.  
I'm going to stand in the ancient square  
And look to the crimson west  
When pealing of chimes, on the quiet air,  
Bids villagers go to rest.  
I'm yearning to dress in a gingham gown  
And play with a frisking calf.  
I want to go back to a country town,  
And give it a hearty laugh.

Dorothy Parker.



*She:* Of course, you know, I don't care for frivolity—I had much rather be at home right now reading a good book like "The Sheik" or an educational article by Dorothy Dix.



*Dear Old Lady:* Ah, my little lad, how it warms my heart to see that you, at least, hold aloof from participating with those naughty boys in their evil ways! May I ask to what reason such exemplary conduct is due?

*Little Lad:* Oh, I always leave th' dirty work to th' gang. Y' see, Lady, I'm the master mind!

## Scarabesques

INDIVIDUALISM we like to practice ourselves: socialism we encourage in others.

\*\*\*

Some people sleep with one eye open; others prefer to wake with both eyes shut.

\*\*\*

The trouble with Futurists is that their present is lurid and they have no past.

\*\*\*

A man is never so weak as when some lovely woman is telling him how strong he is.



Look for the \$1000.00 Title Contest, beginning in next week's issue of LIFE.

## Life



## Lines

THE date of Arbitration Week has been changed from May 7 to May 14, thus postponing the next war at least seven days.

The average salary of ministers in the United States is about \$1300. Proving that there is no jack in the pulpit.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what the girls have been thinking about all winter.

Returning Americans who have had a taste of Europe now refer to the Goddess of Liberty as the statue of limitations.

According to William T. Tilden, a sportsmanlike tennis player always makes a deliberate misplay when the umpire makes a decision unfair to his opponent. The professional ball-player's method is much more direct. He merely kills the umpire.

It might be easier to do away with profiteers if nearly everybody didn't want to be one.

There is another report to the effect that Lenin and Trotzky have split. How much?

Madame Gadski has sued a music critic for \$250,000. Madame evidently is unfamiliar with the scale of newspaper wages.

What the world needs most is a rest from the people who are continually telling us just what it is that the world needs most.

Jack Dempsey has turned down an offer of three-quarters of a million to fight in Buenos Ayres. Mr. Dempsey isn't interested in fractions.

The advocates of restricted immigration evidently work on the principle that the worst is yet to come.

When a man goes out to paint the town now, he is obliged to do the best he can with water-colors.

Well, anyway, we've never heard of a baby being christened "Volstead."

The city of Tokio has adopted plans for the Americanization of its business district. Who knows but that some day this interesting experiment may be tried in New York?

Next fall Percy Haughton will make records exclusively for Columbia.

Maybe New York named a ferryboat for William Randolph Hearst on the theory it will never get to Albany.

Presidential boomers of Senator Brookhart say it isn't important whether he has a dress suit or not. What the voters want to know is what kind of golf knickers he wears.

American women spend \$75,000,000 a year on powder for their faces and arms.

And American men must spend something like \$100,000,000 for cleaners to eradicate it from their sleeves.

King George ordered sixty-four cases of corned beef and failed to get the order. Notes of sympathy will be dispatched to him by all veterans' organizations.

We hear that, the day before the baseball season opened, an office boy's grandmother died of self-consciousness.



Simpler

J. M. Flagg

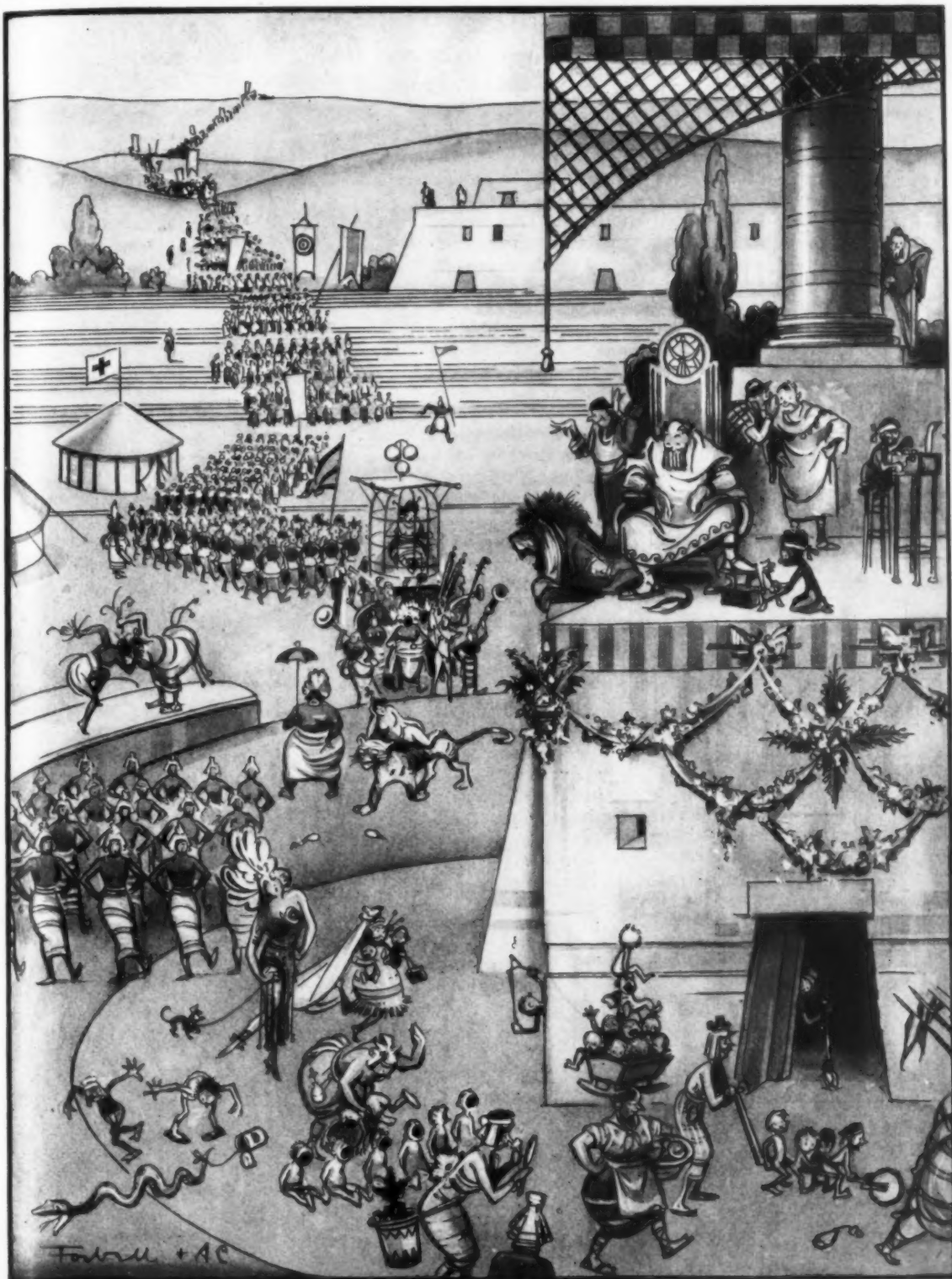
"To git lost's confusin' on shore  
Where there's billions of people or more;  
It's nicer at sea—  
It's just ocean and me  
And a half-dozen planks—nothin' more!"

The unpopular song is written with promissory notes, and without rests.

It is understood that a giant liner is now building which will cut down the time between New York and Southampton from 120 drinks to 118.

Bishop Manning probably feels that what Dr. Percy Stickney Grant needs is a good anti-skeptic.

Don't miss LIFE's \$1,000.00 Title Contest, beginning next week.



King Solomon's Wives and Children Hold Their Annual Parade



# An Egyptian Episode

*The Facts as I Found Them Over and Under the Hot Sands*

By Walter E. Traprock



**T**HE other day my friend Hugh Baline, Curator of Mammals in the Fogg Museum, said to me, "Traprock, how is it that the recent exhumation of this Tutankh-Amen crowds the murder news back among the cereal ads, while your discovery twenty years ago got no more than a nod from the public press?"

I smiled tolerantly. "Politics, my boy; international politics."

Baline looked mystified. He is wonderful on whales, but all else is dim to him.

"Let me explain," I continued. "Twenty years ago, when I dug up Dimitrino, the first of the Pharaohs, I was indignant at the treatment I received. Your own museum people acknowledged my report with a curt 'Yours rec'd & contents noted.' But I have lived since then. Consequently I can but smile at the present noise. The public, bless you, cares nothing for mummies. But England is at work. Can't you see her game?"

Plainly he couldn't, so I went on. "Listen. There are two main aspects. The first is political. Consider Egypt. Here we have an ancient country awakening to new power, with ardent hopes of independence. Is England going to repeat the tragic, suppressive methods which she tried in Ireland? On the contrary, her idea is to jolly the Egyptians, to play them up, put them on

the front page. Every column of that space is paid for by Bonar Law's personal check."

My guest looked incredulous.

"The second aspect is financial. This touches the United States vitally. You have read of the incalculable value of the treasure discovered? You doubtless also know that Howard Carter, who has done the actual digging—no, he is no relation to the liver-pills Carters—is an American? Isn't this all plainly a subtle effort on England's part to pay off the British debt in beads and buttons? With the rate of exchange fixed by the British government, one blue bead equals \$20,000 and so on. Then, if we kick, they will say: 'Why your own man, Carter, put the value on the chips.'"

I saw that Baline was foundering, so I shifted to the clearer ground of facts.

"What annoys me exceedingly is the stupid way Carter broke into

the tomb. He actually demolished the wall, thus destroying several chapters of the story of Tut's life, which was written on the inside. It was

exactly like taking a priceless old book and tearing out a handful of pages. I am astounded that the *New York Times* permitted such a thing."

"But how could they get in otherwise?" asked my friend.

"Very simply . . . just as I did, by burrowing. Never shall I forget my sensations when, with my men, I set out toward our great find. This was years ago; Thebes then consisted of a single thebe and a few out-houses. Reaching the ground, we immediately set to work and were soon underground, boring along like excited moles. The grave question in my mind was: would we come up in the tomb or would we miss it and emerge on

the far side? Then came the terrific moment when, in the total blackness, I snapped on my patent cigar lighter, for we had no electric flashlights. For a wonder it worked.

"We stood, awe-struck, in the tomb of Dimitrino—the First!

"Flinders Petrie makes a great  
(Continued on page 31)



"Showing the king catching scarabs."



"Reaching the ground we immediately set to work."

## Egyptomania

At present we're throwing conniptions  
 About the Egyptians,  
 And lifting our Western sombreros  
 To all the old Pharaohs;  
 Though he who must bear the gravamen  
 Is King Tut-ankh-Amen  
 Whose sepulchre, bared to the gapers,  
 Gives news to the papers.  
 Now Mr. and Mrs. Shapiro  
 Take tickets for Cairo,  
 While Timothy Jenkins *et uxor*  
 Are headed for Luxor.  
 And soon shall our wandering teachers  
 Descant on the features  
 Of cities and temples of Nilus  
 With eloquent stylus  
 When each shall return with his booty,  
 A petrified cootie—  
 A warranted-genuine scarab—  
 Purveyed by an Arab.  
 We're in for a deluge of gammon  
 On Jupiter Ammon,

Osiris and Apis and Isis—  
 In fact, there's a Crisis;  
 For sinuous-angular minxes  
 Attired as sphinxes,  
 Already are taking grave chances  
 With dangerous dances.  
 Now, swift as the shaft of the bowman,  
 Belasco and Frohman  
 Will bear from some shattered pilaster  
 The Work of a Master—  
 A drama of blood and horrors  
 In strange hieroglyphics;  
 Yea, though they are forced to invent it  
 They'll stage and present it.  
 Last year was it Russian, Esthonian,  
 Or Czecho-Slavonian?  
 Last week was it Turkish, Hungarian,  
 Or Madagascarian?  
 No matter; to-morrow our fashions,  
 Our painting, our passions,  
 Our garments of every description,  
 Will all be Egyptian.

A. G.



Mother (leaving Egyptian room in museum): What did you think of it, dear?  
 Dorothy: Well, it was all right, but I don't see why there were so many mummies  
 and no daddies.



APRIL 19th, 1923

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Vol. 81. 2111

Published by  
**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
 London Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London E. C.  
 598 Madison Avenue, New York



THE opening article in *Foreign Affairs*, a new quarterly, considers "Two Years of American Foreign Policy," and winds up by saying: "One thing is plain. America, however reluctantly, is preparing anew to take an open, active part in the settlement of European questions. She is troubled and hesitating, but sooner or later she will have to put her hand to the plough to aid in the redemption of a Europe now physically and morally devastated."

There does seem to be progress towards some form of co-operation with Europe on which the various managers of the United States can agree. The desire for it has greatly increased and still grows. The addresses of Lord Robert Cecil ought to help very much to clarify the ideas in accord with which the world policy of the United States must be worked out. Lord Robert, as is well known, is the leading advocate of the League of Nations, who knows thoroughly about the League, its powers, its problems and what it has done. It must be remembered that he is not the representative of Great Britain in the League but of South Africa, appointed by General Smuts.

Whether we shall ever join the League is uncertain, but we will do something. We are getting ready, as the writer in *Foreign Affairs* says, to do something about world restoration, and there is no lecturer on that subject to whom we can listen more profitably than to Lord Robert Cecil.

The problem of our duty presses on current politics. It must either be settled before the next Presidential election or become an issue in that election. Everybody knows that. The leading managers of the country know it and have taken hold already. The papers report that Senator Johnson is in Europe gathering up stories that he thinks will be useful in perpetuating American isolation. We get something from time to time from Senator Borah arguing the other way and proclaiming that isolation won't do for us.

Senator Pepper too is talking. He told the Philadelphia Forum, as reported in the papers, that he did not think it hazardous to predict that some day there would be an association of all the nations of the world, with a common basis of organization in so far as all face the same problems, but with divisions corresponding to the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, where conditions require separate consideration and separate treatment.

What will Lord Robert Cecil say to that? The idea is not unlike the suggestion put out a year or more ago by the *Round Table* to effect that so far as the League of Nations was concerned with European matters the United States did not belong in it, but that it did belong in a league that should be concerned with world matters. The United States has demonstrated that it is not an enthusiastic joiner, but if there is to be a world league, it will not be a world league until the United States is joined to it. The League of Nations is intended to be a world league. This idea of divisions in it, one for the Eastern and one for the Western hemisphere, may become practical when it is worked out.

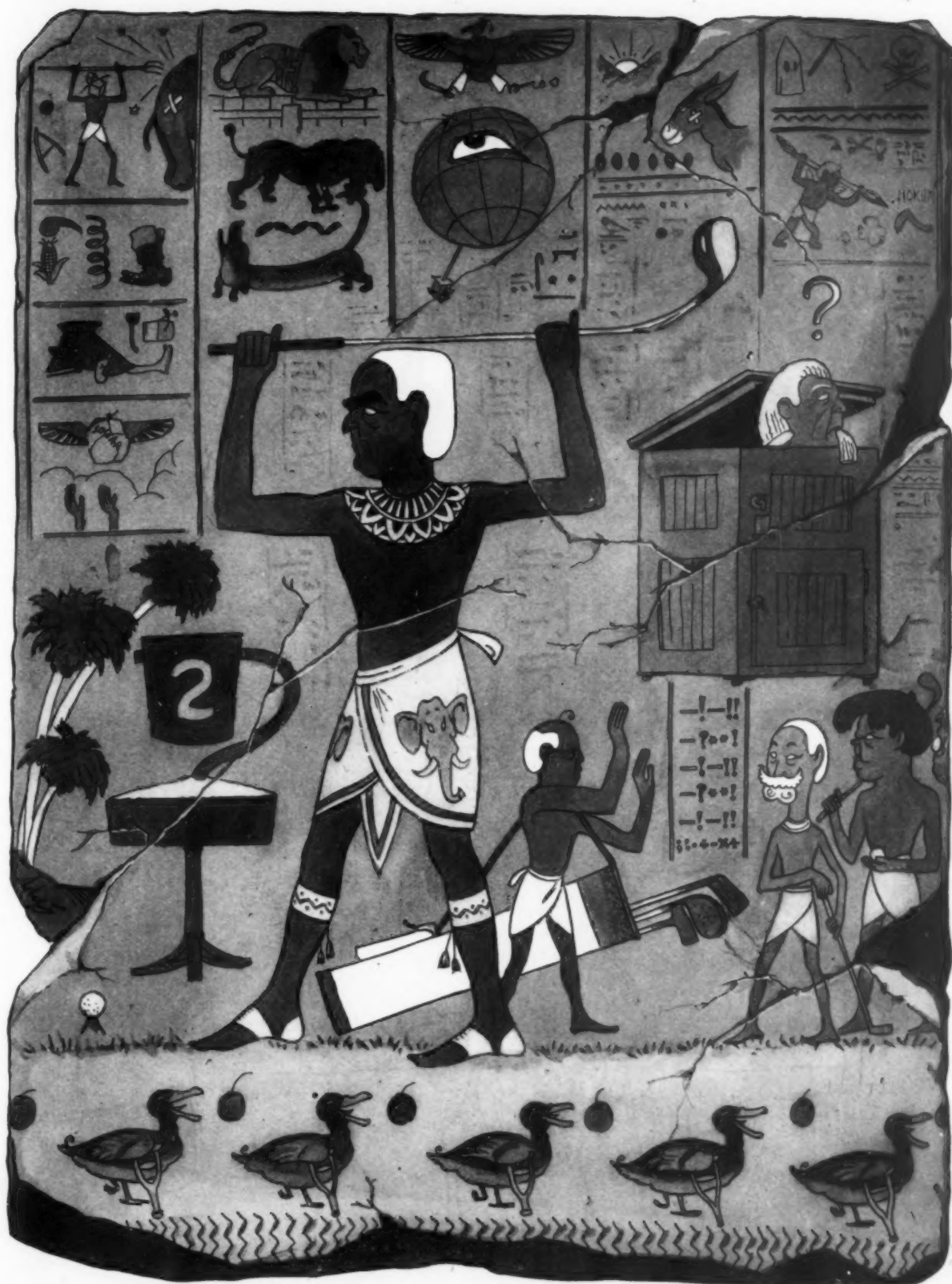


THE *World* has given a good illustration of how a great newspaper can be useful by the resounding publicity it has given to the case of Martin Tabert, a farm boy of North Dakota, found travelling without a ticket on a railroad train in Florida, sent to a convict camp, kept there though money for his release was sent to the sheriff, and finally flogged virtually to death by the resident executioner of the Putnam Lumber Company.

Reports of Tabert's death from fever were sent to his family from Florida with explanations that at first were accepted, but months after the boy's death the family got word that the real cause of his death was extremely cruel treatment and illegal flogging. Then something began to be done. The story was put out, the county officers interested themselves, and the upshot of it all was that the Legislature of North Dakota passed a resolution demanding, in courteous language, an accounting from the Governor of Florida for the death of the North Dakota boy. That action with the publicity that was given it was effective. The Governor responded and bestirred himself. The story was investigated, the sheriff who had made it his business to supply able-bodied prisoners to the lumber camps was shown up, the flogging boss of the lumber camp was indicted, a suit for heavy damages was started against the lumber company, and there is a prospect that the Florida Legislature, punched up by public indignation, will abolish the whole abominable system of convict peonage.

E. S. Martin.





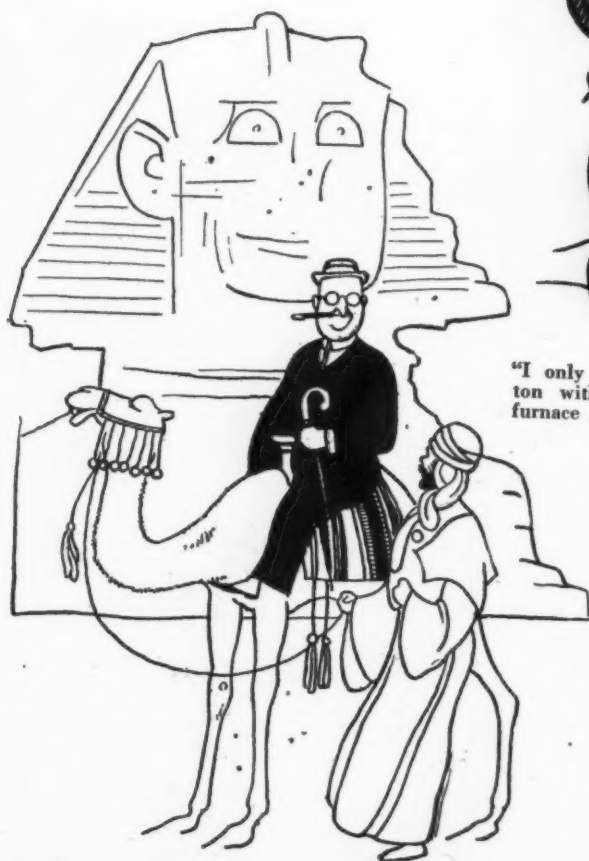
Fragment Depicting Incidents During the Reign of Nor-mal-cy I.  
(Dug up as our Egyptian Number goes to press)



"Well, ta, ta, old man! Don't take any wooden money!"



"The eats aren't so bad, but say, there's a little restaurant in Libertyville where you can get," etc, etc.



"Say, my wife's sister has a spoon that belonged to her great grandma."



"I only burned ten ton with that new furnace last winter."



"Pretty good, but y'ought t'taste the wife's home brew!"



"Yes, sir, I built a six-foot fence right round the chicken yard."



"We've got four arc lights between the Eagle Hotel and the Bank."



REA  
IRWIN

"Yes, sir, and I made the last hole in three!"



"That Munich beer—oh, boy!"

brew!"

ning Influence of Travel





### Direct from London

SEEING "If Winter Comes" on the stage is like seeing your favorite poet in a bathing-suit for the first time. You realize the power of the printed word, and yet suddenly feel a release from its thrall.

Stripped of the mellifluous beauty of Mr. Hutchinson's prose and the delicacy of his characterizations, the story as undressed for the stage becomes just one of those things that used to come on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights to Lothrop's Opera House. By the time the second act arrives and you hear someone say, "It's storming hard out to-night, sir," you can't be far wrong if you lay a ten-dollar bet that presently a young gel with her bebbly is coming in out of the rain, hanging the head and admitting that she has been a bad woman, and that the kind-hearted hero is going to say to his disapproving wife: "Why, Bessie, you wouldn't turn a dog out on a night like this." (The line may be from "The Tavern," but it's near enough.)

But, you will say (or maybe you won't bother even to think about it), since Mr. Hutchinson himself had a hand in writing the play, what became of his famous mellifluous prose? Well, we would answer to such a question, the mellifluous prose is there at times, and it sounds terrible. As tossed back and forth between characters, it is like one of those parties where someone tries to remember the first two lines of an old poem and the next one to him counters with the next two lines, and so on. Incidentally, the most valuable service rendered by *Lady Tybar* in the play is that of constantly asking *Sabre* to quote poetry to her. Her excuse is that she has forgotten how it goes, but you rather feel that she really has never even heard it before and is just stalling for time.



WHAT virtues the production of "If Winter Comes" has (and there are a surprising number) are due to the cast, which, with one or two exceptions, is another unobtrusively excellent aggregation of English people, like those who presented "Loyalties." Cyril Maude plays the almost irritatingly misunderstood hero, and if the part of his wife had been written with anywhere near the distinction that it had in the book, Mabel Terry-Lewis could have made it one of the real things of the season.

The good points of the play may be summarized by saying that you probably won't want to leave before it is over and that your nose may be a little red as you reach for your hat at the end. Its bad points are typified in the fact that the fence-post which you see through the open French window throws a wandering black shadow over the buildings on the other side of Tidborough Green as painted on the back-drop. That indicates its vintage.



IN "The Enchanted Cottage," Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, dressed in his customary faultless afternoon garb, has taken it into his head to fly. The result is not always graceful, and his wings at times get caught in his spats, but nevertheless, it was a good idea.

Before we say that we liked "The Enchanted Cottage," we should perhaps warn our practical friends that we are still trembling with emotion from "Mary Rose." This fact shows us up as fairly unreliable when it comes to matters involving that particular brand of sentiment. Therefore, Sir Arthur's story of the unprepossessing young couple who suddenly became beautiful in each other's sight through the magic of being in love, although to the rest of the world they still remained a neurotic young war-wreck and a very plain young woman, was bound to find a soft spot in us no matter how badly it was done. And unquestionably "The Enchanted Cottage" is pretty badly done in places.



IT isn't necessarily the fault of the actors, although there is frequently the feeling that you are witnessing something done to raise money for a bust of Molière to be placed in the Assembly Hall. The author has written some of the stagiest, most literary-sounding sentences now to be heard in New York City, and there is a rather trying dream-scene which should have been handled by John Murray Anderson under the title of "Courtship Through the Ages," or else not handled at all. And throughout there runs the metallic "tick-tock" of what is known as "a well-built play."

But Katherine Cornell and Noel Tearle, fortified by the inescapable poignancy of the idea of which they are the protagonists, made us forget most of the mechanism (especially after we had left the theatre and had become a prey to our own sentimental reflections) and, on the whole, we feel that we are a much better boy for having seen it.



HERE we have been praying for a play so bad that it might furnish material for a really funny piece, and now, when Heaven has heard our prayer and sent "The Wasp," we are inarticulate. Isn't that always the way?

Robert C. Benchley.

# Confidential Guide

BOX OFFICE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Adding Machine.** *Garrick.*—An effectively impressionistic account of the slavery of a book-keeper, both before and after his death.

**Anathema.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Dice of the Gods.** *National.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Exile.** *George M. Cohan's.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Fool.** *Times Square.*—Popular-priced religion.

**The House.** *Selwyn.*—To be reviewed later.

**If Winter Comes.** *Gaiety.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Last Warning.** *Klaw.*—Murder mystery which utilizes every square foot of theatre space.

**Morphia.** *Eltinge.*—Lowell Sherman in the Actor's Delight, a dope fiend's rôle.

**Peer Gynt.** *Shubert.*—Some spectacular moments set in the rather rambling course of Ibsen's poetic drama, with Joseph Schildkraut in the lead.

**Rain.** *Maxine Elliott's.*—Jeanne Eagels as the prostitute who upsets several established traditions in glorious fashion.

**Romeo and Juliet.** *Henry Miller's.*—One of those love stories. Jane Cowl plays the ingenue charmingly.

**Seventh Heaven.** *Booth.*—A great deal of acting for your money, with Parisian atmosphere thrown in.

**The Wasp.** *Morosco.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Whispering Wires.** *Broadhurst.*—The mystery play which opened the season and may well close it.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic.*—The kind of comedy you eat peanuts at.

**Anything Might Happen.** *Comedy.*—Feeble writing made to sound funny by good acting.

**Barnum Was Right.** *Frassee.*—Py "The Tavern" out of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," but hardly in a class with its parents in spite of some amusing stuff.

**The Comedian.** *Lyceum.*—Lionel Atwill acting his way through a back-stage play which contains one good rehearsal scene and not much else.

**The Enchanted Cottage.** *Ritz.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Give and Take.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—Labor problems settled in good old Mack Sennett fashion.

**Icebound.** *Sam H. Harris.*—Petty New Englanders vividly portrayed.

**Kiki.** *Belasco.*—Lenore Ulric nearing the completion of her record run as the vivacious cocotte.

**The Laughing Lady.** *Longacre.*—Dressy divorce dialogue, with Ethel Barrymore to make it different from the rest.

**The Love Habit.** *Bijou.*—Very French and very farce.

**Mary the 3rd.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Rachel Crothers serving up modern marriage thoughts in warm milk.

**Merton of the Movies.** *Cort.*—Smiles and tears with Glenn Hunter.

**The Old Soak.** *Plymouth.*—Several price-less bits in an ordinary mixture of fairly old stuff.

**Papa Joe.** *Princess.*—Don't bother.

**Polly Preferred.** *Little.*—Amusing movie kidding.

**Secrets.** *Fulton.*—Margaret Lawrence as a pleasing dispenser of the regulation jelly-roll.

**So This Is London!** *Hudson.*—Aimed at Anglo-American amity and hitting the seat of the trousers.

**You and I.** *Belmont.*—Polite badinage, cleverly spoken.

**Zander the Great.** *Empire.*—To be reviewed next week.

**How Come?** *Apollo.*—To be reviewed later.

**The Gingham Girl.** *Earl Carroll.*—Take it or leave it.

**Go-Go.** *Daly's.*—Snappy.

**Irene.** *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Back again for a few weeks.

**Jack and Jill.** *Globe.*—A lot of money spent, and for what? Ann Pennington is there, however.

**Lady Butterfly.** *Astor.*—One of those.

**The Lady in Ermine.** *Century.*—Good without being momentous.

**Little Nellie Kelly.** *Liberty.*—Fast dancing in the Cohan fashion.

**Liza.** *Nora Bayes.*—Negro tornado putting across the speediest show in town.

**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box.*—An elaborate show, with Bobby Clark dispensing good, hearty laughs.

**Sally, Irene and Mary.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—One of the season's stand-bys.

**Up She Goes.** *Playhouse.*—Tuneful and generally satisfactory.

**Wildflower.** *Casino.*—The catchiest score in town.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam.*—Have to be seen at least once, anyway.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Barnum and Bailey's Circus.** *Madison Square Garden.*—B. a. b. t. e.

**Caroline.** *Ambassador.*—Good music, if that keeps you awake.

**Cinders.** *Dresden.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Clinging Vine.** *Knickerbocker.*—Peggy Wood in a nice show.

**The Dancing Girl.** *Winter Garden.*—Now and then a good moment.

**Elsie.** *Vanderbilt.*—To be reviewed next week.



First Camel (two days out from Cairo): It's a long time between drinks.  
Second Camel: You've said a mouthful.

ALL THE  
HIEROGLYPHICS  
FIT TO CUT

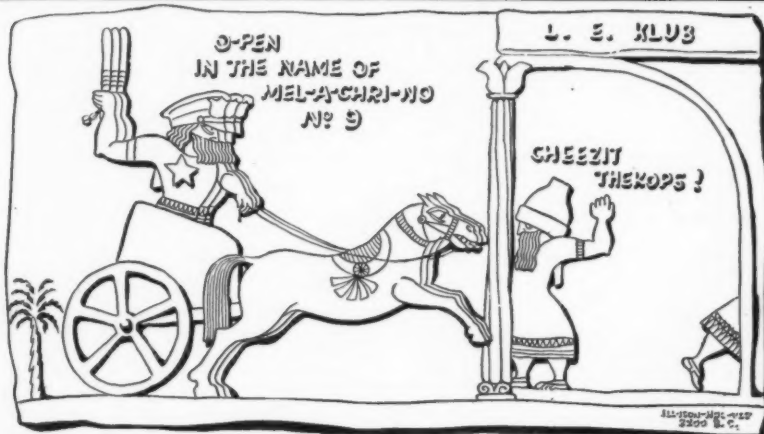
# THE DAILY PAPYRUS

NILE GREEN  
EDITION

EGYPT,

THURSDAY, APRIL 19,

41144 B.C.



## RAID DRUG FIENDS

**Police Make Arrests as  
Clean-Up Campaign Opens**

"Clean Up Week" started successfully last night when a spectacular raid was made upon the exclusive Lotus Eaters' Club at Thebes, under the direction of Federal Inspector Bla-Ah of the Anti-Narcotic Bureau.

Over eighty prisoners, in various stages of consciousness, were taken into custody, including many men and women who are believed to be socially prominent. They all gave their names as Jo-Hnd-Oe or Ja-Ned-Oe, but it is thought that these are fictitious.

The prisoners will be arraigned this morning before Judge Hammurabi.

## BUSINESS AND PERSONAL

**ANTONY**—Meet me in front of Sphinx to-night 8:30. All is forgiven. CLEO.

**LOST**—10 tribes, good condition. Finder please notify owner. IS-RAEL.

**WANTED**—Private secretary, capable taking hieroglyphics and transcribing same accurately. Easy hours, 7th Floor, Luxor Bldg. Ask for PHARAOH.

**FOR SALE**—4 H. P. 2-pass. chariot, sport model. Newly painted. Bone wheels. Guaranteed good as new. Any demonstration. PTOLEMY GARAGE, evenings.

## PYRAMID STRIKE

**Workers Walk Out**

The long-awaited strike of the pyramid builders became a reality yesterday morning, when 3,000 members of Stone Bruisers' Union, Local No. 1, walked down and out from their work. They were all employed by the Cheops Construction Co., which has the contract for the pyramid on the third sand dune west of the Nile.

When interviewed by a *Papyrus* reporter, Mr. Walter J. Cheops, president of the company, could give no reason for the action of his men.

"We have had that particular pyramid under construction for over a century," said Mr. Cheops. "Naturally we supposed the boys, as we call them, would remain loyal. Their action is most unfortunate, in view of the present acute pyramid shortage."

Mr. Cheops and a committee from the union will confer to-morrow.

## ROYAL WILL READ

**Solomon's Estate to Widows**

The last will and old testament of the late King Solomon was offered for probate yesterday. The residuary estate is left in toto to the Mmes. Solomon, each widow receiving as her share one-thousandth part of the whole. At their deaths, the income will revert to their children.

## NEW TERROR REIGNS

**Masked Bandits Run Wild**

**Sponsored by Secret Society**

Nothing so inimical to the good name of Egypt has been brought to our attention in some time, as the report now circulating concerning the activities of a mysterious society calling itself the K. K. K., or Kill Kristians Kwickly. This is a result to be desired, perhaps, but certainly not to be obtained through any underhand methods.

Membership in the ranks of this masked band seems to be dependent solely upon the candidates' professing to be 100 per cent. Egyptians, but even this patriotic ideal cannot excuse a lawless consummation of the same. It is to be hoped that a hitherto supine administration will know how to deal effectively with this unfortunate situation. If not, outraged justice can be depended upon to take matters into its own hands.

And after all, a great many Kristians are of a very high type. The Kristians have a very happy family life, and their kindness to one another might well serve as a lesson to some of us. Speaking personally, some of our best friends are Kristians.

## THE NEWS IN BRIEF

The Cleopatra's Needle and Sewing Society held a picnic at Assouan last week, over forty guests and members being present. Games were played until a late hour. A good time was had by all.

The many friends of young King Tut-ankh-Amen will be sorry to learn that his majesty died yesterday. He choked to death trying to teach some visitors how to pronounce his name correctly. Interment will be in the Valley of the Kings Cemetery.

Pharaoh & Moses, Inc., who maintain a large bulrush plantation just above the Second Cataract, announce that the recent frost has ruined their spring crop.



## Twin Bed-Time Stories *Benedict Learns of the Egyptians*

**SCENE:** Bedroom of the Benedict Newleighs. Both have just retired.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*thoughtfully*): Benedict, I don't believe you read the newspapers enough!

BENEDICT (*sleepily*): Ask me the closing price of any of the bonds and see.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*with conviction*): There! That just goes to prove what I say. All you read is the financial page and you know you really should keep up with the news if you wish to appear intelligent.

BENEDICT: Honest, Leila, I don't want to appear intelligent. All I want to do right now is to go to sleep.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*disgustedly*): Oh, sleep! I think you must have the sleeping sickness. You never think about anything but slumber and business. I dare say you don't even know who Tut-ankh-Amen was.

BENEDICT (*wearily*): Sounds like the report of an automobile accident—toot-honk-amen! (*Feigning interest.*) Who was he?

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*she really doesn't know what to do about Benedict's ignorance*): Goodness! He's the old Egyptian king whose tomb has just been opened by the Egyptologists.

BENEDICT: Well, it seems to me that the Egyptologists, as you call them, might be in a better business than bust-

ing into old Egyptian graves. Sounds sacrilegious.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: But you don't understand. This has been done in the interest of science.

BENEDICT: I hope science never takes an interest in me after I'm dead. Good night.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: This isn't any modern king, stupid. He was buried more than three thousand years ago. And robbers have never touched his sarcophagus.

BENEDICT (*confused*): But, I thought you just told me that they had—and that they weren't grave robbers.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*with dignity*): I'm referring to the local Egyptians. They aren't scientists and merely look for loot.

BENEDICT: And your Egyptologist friends won't get a penny out of it, I suppose?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Well—I—anyway King Tut-ankh-Amen has slept there for more than three thousand years without being disturbed.

BENEDICT (*with deepest envy*): Think of it! Three thousand years of sleep! And all I ask is eight hours. And I can't get that without listening to a lecture on current events of the day.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*enraged*): Why, Benedict—

(*But at this point it seems advisable to draw the curtain.*)  
Tracy Hammond Lewis.



Doctor (*taking temperature*): Open your mouth.  
Boy: If ye'll gimme a drink o' water, it'll go down easier.



IT would be easy to dispose of Gertrude Stein if it were not for the downrightness of her defenders. The reviewer could simply say, "This stuff doesn't make sense. It was evidently written with the tongue in the cheek." But before he gets down to typing those statements, he will read on the jacket's blurb that Sherwood Anderson and several others of equal celebrity consider Miss Stein's work marvellous. They will employ the strongest terms to express what they think of her as a pioneer in an important field, until the reviewer begins to suspect that the fault lies in himself. He may even have somebody read some of the jargon aloud to him to see if it does to his soul what its admirers profess it does to theirs. Of course it won't.

Miss Stein, in case you have forgotten about her, is the one whose writing is literally what the impatient city editor told the struggling reporter writing was nothing else but—one little word after another. Here is a typical paragraph, plucked at random from her new book, "Geography and Plays" (The Four Seas Company):

"Seize noes when the behaved ties are narrowed to little finances and large golden chambers with soled more saddled heels and monkeys and tacts and little limber shading with real old powder and chest wides and left clothes and nearly all heights hats which are so whiled and reactive with moist moist leaves it to sell apart."

Try it over on your temperament. Make up your own mind if you have been missing something.

At the end of his preface, Mr. Anderson asks: "Would it not be a

lovely and charmingly ironic gesture of the gods if, in the end, the work of this artist were to prove the most lasting and important of all the word slingers of our generation?"

Thoroughly mindful of the comebacks at critics justified by time to Keats, Byron, *et al.*, I am willing to take a chance right here and say that it would at least be a surprise.

\*\*\*

"HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN," by Arthur Train (Scribner), is the kind of novel in which the butler is instructed by

serves to hold at least the Pullman-car interest, and in the eldest daughter of the family around which it swings Mr. Train has created one of the most charming and understandable heroines in contemporary fiction. *Diana* is, as material for copy, worth all his other characters lumped together. I should like to learn some day how she and *Lloyd* got on.

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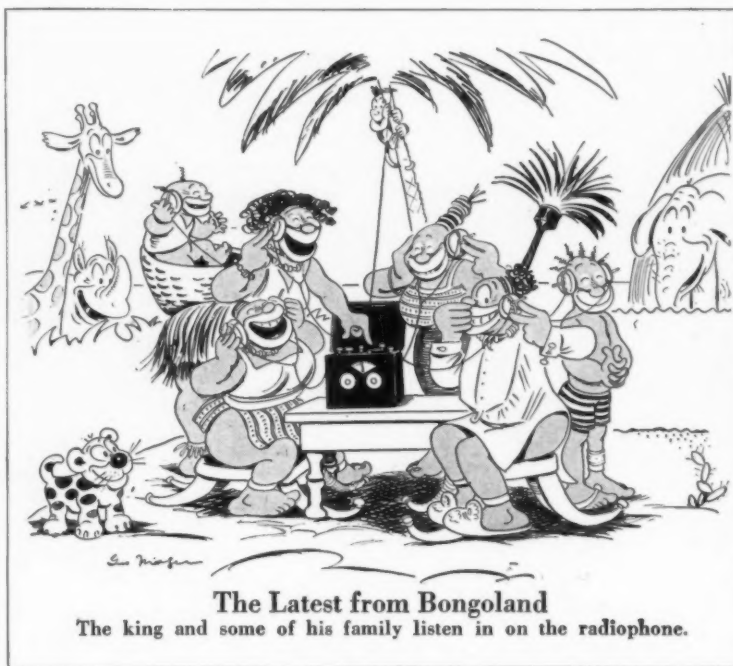
EDGAR LEE MASTERS has followed up "Mitch Miller" with "Skeeters Kirby" (The Macmillan Co.). As a reflection of place and period—rural Illinois in the nineties—it is splendid. But oh, the commonplaceness of the central figure! In his development from a small, book-loving boy to an established lawyer in Chicago, not a careless gesture or a psychological reaction is omitted. He is going to tell everything that happened to him, so the reader might as well make up his mind to be patient about it. And tell it in a peculiar English, too, wherein "wish" is used for "want," "fatigued" for "tired," and people "partake of supper and retire" instead of eating and

going to bed. And tell it without any humor whatsoever except the unconscious variety. Several scenes are full of the ridiculous, but I'm sure Mr. Masters didn't mean them to be.

\*\*\*

THE clichés of small-town conversation are undeniably irritating and their perpetrators narrow and monotonous individuals who would easily get upon the nerves of a young woman of broader vision who was forced to spend any length of time among them. The

(Continued on page 29)



The Latest from Bongoland  
The king and some of his family listen in on the radiophone.

telephone to cool the Burgundy but not to chill it. It hits all the high spots of New York fashionable life, and deals with some of the dangers which our idle rich are up against, such as the lengths to which the female of the younger generation goes, the middle-aged man's susceptibility to unscrupulous footlight favorites, the remarkable hold gained on some of our leading citizens by the turbaned founders of fake cults, and the bounder from England who parks his dowered American bride in Surrey while he hits it up in London. The plot, while not always plausible,



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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*



# THE SILENT DRAMA



## "The Queen of Sin"

WHEN it was announced that a Viennese photodrama, entitled, "The Queen of Sin," was to be revealed to the public, I began to resurrect disturbing memories of a previous Teutonic spectacle, "Mistress of the World." My apprehensions were increased when I learned that this new product included the fall of Sodom and Gomorrah; that one of its scenes was a bed-room, with the couch perched on a gondola which floated about in a pool of perfume; that the cast included 80,000 persons and 7000 beasts of various denominations; that 1000 buildings were constructed and 800 destroyed.

All these forebodings were confirmed when I was permitted to see the film itself. In stupendousness, in absurdity and in general dullness it is a worthy successor to "Mistress of the World."

"The Queen of Sin" tells the story of a girl who hesitates between love and luxury. Just when it seems that she is to give up rags for riches, an informative philosopher takes her aside and, for some obscure reason, tells her the story of Sodom and Gomorrah. Just what bearing this

notorious example could have on her case I was unable to ascertain on my first view of the picture, but I for one am not going back a second time to find out. Life is too short.

THERE are many weird defects in "The Queen of Sin," but perhaps the most ludicrous of all is the lady who appears in the title rôle. She is a competent, robust, home-loving German *Frau*, who can probably roast a mean *Kalbsbraten mit Kartoffelklöse*, but who is absolutely worthless as a rival of Pola Negri. I doubt that she could ever wreck any homes, although she might easily push a few over.

## "Bell-Boy 13"

A YOUNG gentleman who deserves to be watched closely is Douglas MacLean. He established himself as a comedian of merit in "23½ Hours Leave," and he has been coming along persistently ever since.

"Bell-Boy 13," his most recent production, is unsubstantial as to plot and singularly devoid of dramatic interest, but it is enlivened immeasurably by the antics of young Mr. MacLean and by the expressive

pantomime of which he is capable.

There is need for a graceful *farceur* in the movies, and Douglas MacLean is about the only one I know of who can remedy this shortage. If some one will only come forth and supply him with a few decent stories, I believe that he will go ahead with a perceptible rush.

## "Grumpy"

THE main thing in William De Mille's latest effort, "Grumpy," is that it gives Theodore Roberts a chance to dominate the situation. Next to George Fawcett, Mr. Roberts is the most expert interpreter of senile rôles on the screen. He has run away with many pictures before this, but usually at the expense of the nominal star who uses up all the space on the electric signs in front of the theatres.

In "Grumpy," however, Mr. Roberts himself is the star; and he proves himself worthy of the dignity, if such it may be called. He impersonates the kindly old grouch who did so much for Cyril Maude some years back, and he leaves nothing to be desired even by those who saw and enjoyed the original play.



Lady (after the hero has tied the villain's hands, backed him into a corner, slapped his face and shot him): Isn't he darling?

"Grumpy," as a production, is typical of William De Mille—which means that it is careful, faithful, intelligent and just the least bit heavy on its feet. May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel render competent assistance to Mr. Roberts.

I AM glad to see a genuinely good character actor get his chance to shine on the screen. One main trouble with the movies is that most of the stars have attained their lofty positions because they have no character whatsoever. Lon Chaney was given his opportunity to step from the ranks in "Shadows," Theodore Roberts has been allowed to do the same thing in "Grumpy," and I trust that such excellent performers as George Fawcett, Raymond Hatton and Theodore Kosloff will be similarly favored in the near future.

### "Suzanna"

WHEN I saw Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart," last winter, I was moved to exult over the fact that a real comedienne had come to the screen at last. This was an inexcusable oversight. I had forgotten for the moment about Mabel Normand.

Not that Miss Normand has done much recently to remind any one of her unquestionable supremacy. Her appearances of late years have been all too infrequent. But in "Suzanna" she demonstrates that her gamin-esque quality is just what it always was in the old Keystone comedy days.

I have been told that Miss Normand gave Charlie Chaplin his first lessons in acting before the camera, and I can readily understand it, for there is a marked similarity in their methods and in their points of view. Neither of them knows how to be stupid or obvious. They are both simple and yet subtle in their humor, and they are both inexpressibly droll.

Even though "Suzanna" isn't blessed with a particularly original plot, it is worthy of more than passing attention—for it serves to bring Mabel Normand back to the position of prominence which is rightfully hers.

Robert E. Sherwood.

LIFE is about to pass out another \$1,000.00 to those of its readers who are good at guessing. The details of the new contest will be published broadcast next week.

Tastes better out of the  
"Krinkly Bottle"



## WHEN GOOD —and Thirsty

Mother doesn't need to call twice—especially when there's Orange-Crush on ice. Just whisper that magic word "Crush" and see them scamper home, hot and ever so thirsty. ∞ There's a twinkle in the children's eyes that matches the sparkle in the bottle. See it bubble up and watch it gurggle down, every cooling swallow deliciously satisfying. ∞ Here's a secret: mothers and fathers like the "Crushes" too.

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### Oliver's Twist

Oliver Herford was speaking over the 'phone to Professor Brander Matthews, who had just announced his intention to leave for Europe on the *Celtic*—which he pronounced "Keltic," as befitted his academic status. "Oh, don't say Keltic, Brander," pleaded Herford. "If you do you'll have a hard sea all the way over."—*Argonaut*.

### Just Ahead

"Can you remember," asks an exchange, "how you looked forward to your future twenty years ago? Well, this is your future. What are you doing in it?" Oh—er—still looking forward.—*Boston Transcript*.

### Uterior Symbolism

ARTIST'S WIFE: Your picture is lovely, dear, and what does it represent?

ARTIST: For you, a hat, new furs and a necklace.—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

SHE (*pensively*): Two months ago I was mad about George. Now I can't see him at all. Strange how changeable men are!—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.



### THE BARGAIN SALE

"Didn't you tell me that Mama was going to bring back a baby from Paris?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, why did she bring back two?"

"Because francs were down to half-value."

—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

### The New Nepenthe

George Biddle, the Philadelphia painter of Honolulu belles, said in New York the other day:

"I know a Philadelphian who was recently rejected by a pretty girl. The poor chap took his rejection so hard that the girl got nervous."

"I hope—she said, 'I do hope, Mr. Sinnickson, that you are not going to do anything rash.'"

"Sinnickson gnashed his teeth. 'Rash?' he howled. 'Rash? Know, proud girl, that six weeks from tonight I shall be ensconced in my palm-shaded villa in the South Sea Islands, the husband of at least nineteen dusky brides.'"

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

### Music Unheard

("A newly discovered beetle, now at the Zoo, makes a sound like that of a crying child."—*Daily Paper*.)

NATURALIST (*to his wife*): My dear, this interesting little insect, when disturbed, emits a sound curiously like the wailing of an infant. It is delightfully musical; and if you would please tell the nurse to stop the baby's infernal howling you could hear it for yourself.

—*Punch (London)*.

### Lightly Given

The hardest promise to keep is the one you make at a family reunion to write oftener.—*Country Gentleman*.


LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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Its Pre-eminence  
rests on its  
Distinctive Excellence

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"The Queen of Table Waters"

### What's in a Name?

It's just like the English.

They spell a town's name Worcester and call it Wooster; the Taliaferros only answer when addressed as Tolliver; the Cholmondeley family is spoken of as Chumley; and they name a college Magdalen and pronounce it Maudlin, and perhaps it is.

So when it was necessary to dig up an early Egyptian king with a name even harder to articulate than to write, the demon disarmers from Devon were, of course, the lads to do the digging.

We—the Little Woman and I—were engaged in our pre-breakfast romp of "Reading the Headlines" one otherwise bright sunny morning some months ago. I remember that I was "it," and had been getting around in close to record time when I struck a hurdle that was to change two lives.

"Well," I recall saying, "here's another one of those, now, Egyptian kings' mummies been found, out in Egypt, by somebody."

"What's his name?" asked my little Question Mark.

"I can't quite recall his name," I replied. "He's an English earl, I think."

"No, no, no!" echoed from behind the coffee urn. "The king's name."

"Oh, his name," I answered, as who wouldn't? "Let's see—here it is—his name was King—er—Tut—Tut—"

"Don't 'tut-tut' me," murmured my wife through her piece of toast, "I want to know the king's name. Let me see it myself, please."

So I let her see it herself, please,

and went to business, and by the end of the week you know what had happened. The L. W. had joined up with the "Too-tank-a-men" brigade, and I was enlisted as a charter member of the "Tut-onk-ahmens."

Of course, the time is not far distant when we shall have to adopt a standard pronunciation and stick to it, and in preparation for this event I have been making diligent search for an authentic, authoritative enunciation of the royal monicker.

And finally, out of a maze of newspaper reports (Times, London, World Copyright by arrangement

with Somebody-or-Other), interviews, signed articles, letters to the editors from "Egyptologist," and museum bulletins, I am happy to say that the only recognized form of uttering the king's name audibly is, phonetically: *Tut-an-common, Toot-and-come-in, Too-tank-a-men, Tut-onk-amen, Turnbull, etc., ad lib.*

Personally, I pronounce it ridiculous.  
A. C. M. Azoy.

*In the spring anyone's fancy may win him one of the prizes in LIFE's \$1000.00 Picture Title Contest. See next week's issue for conditions.*



## If the subscriber paid direct

Suppose that every Monday morning all the people who have a hand in furnishing your telephone service came to your door for your share of their pay. From the telephone company itself, would come operators, supervisors, chief operators, wire chiefs, linemen, repairmen, inspectors, installers, cable splicers, test-boardmen, draftsmen, engineers, scientists, executives, bookkeepers, commercial representatives, stenographers, clerks, conduit men and many others, who daily serve your telephone requirements, unseen by you.

There would be tax collectors to take your share of national, state and municipal taxes, amounting to over forty million dollars. There would be men and women coming for a fair return on their money invested in telephone stocks and bonds—money

which has made the service possible. Then there are the people who produce the raw materials, the supplies and manufactured articles required for telephone service.

They would include hundreds of thousands of workers in mines, smelters, steel mills, lumber camps, farms, wire mills, foundries, machine shops, rubber works, paint factories, cotton, silk and paper mills, rope works, glass works, tool works, and scores of other industries.

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—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Bigotry

Conversation between two old ladies:  
"Have you met that Miss Perkins yet?"

"Yes, I was introduced to her yesterday."

"To what church does she belong?"

"She's a Universalist."

"A Universalist. And what is their belief?"

"They believe that all human souls will eventually, by the grace of God, be redeemed."

"Oh, they do, do they? What bigotry!"—*Boston Transcript.*

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

### The Danube Blues

SHADE OF MOZART: Why is poor Strauss so disturbed?

SHADE OF SCHUMANN: He just caught a few strains of his beloved "Blue Danube," as played by a National Guard band and transmitted by radio.

—*Washington Star.*

### Americanism

"The unpatriotic, shiftless methods of Congress make me sick."

"Write a letter to your representative and tell him so."

"I don't know his name."

—*Country Gentleman.*

### The Daddy of Them All

A Northern guest at Pinehurst happened upon an old negro, who was beating down dried cotton stalks. "Uncle, what did the boll weevil do to you this past year?" he inquired.

The old darky looked up, saw "one o' dem Nawthern folks," and answered him in this manner:

"Lawd, Boss, dey was de wust here dat dey has ever been. Why, one night I was awoke f'om my res' by such a noise dat I ain't never heared de lak of befo'. I takes my lantern and goes out in dat patch over dere, and what do you 'spose I foun'?"

"I have no idea, Uncle. What was it?" the Northerner replied.

"Lawd, Cap, de old pappy boll weevil had a big stick beating all de little boll weevils 'cause dey wouldn't take two rows at a time."

—*North Carolina Boll Weevil.*

### His Method

"How is it, major," asked the ambitious young crook, addressing the hoary-headed master of the craft, "that you are so invariably successful in picking out juicy suckers and never waste your time on empty prospects?"

"I simply wait till I hear a man state that he is a pretty good judge of human nature," replied the veteran, "and then I sell him the Union Station or something of the sort."—*Kansas City Star.*

### A Hitch

"You're the maddest specimen of a circus proprietor I ever saw. What's the matter?"

"Well, one of the Siamese twins is on strike."—*Kasper (Stockholm).*



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Then wear this Remy Reptile of Ancient Hindu charm against evil spirits, sickness, spells, and bad luck. Genuine 14-Karat gold shell, 3 year guarantee. Men and Women. Secret "Formula for Luck" FREE. Send measure (string tied around finger.) ANNE L. BARR, Box 55, 114 St. Ave., New York. Pay \$2.25 and postage to postman on delivery.

## Villonesque

WHERE are the days of yester-  
spring?

To borrow another poet's thing.  
Where are the bells that used to ring,  
The hocks and bars that used to sing  
Of spring?

To-day the spring cannot bring back  
The cable car, the open hack.  
Dead are the days of the swinging  
door,  
The friendly sawdust on the floor,  
And open betting at the track:  
The days and ways that used to  
bring  
The thrill of spring.

Ah! for the days when men could  
sing,  
Before the law was all sublime,  
And freedom had become a crime.  
Till one can have an honest fling,  
The summer, autumn, winter too,  
Are dead, all dead for me and you—  
Good-by, good-by to everything!  
(Including spring.)

J. V. N.

# Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on  
package or on tablets you are not get-  
ting the genuine Bayer product prescribed  
by physicians over twenty-two years and  
proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"  
only. Each unbroken package contains  
proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve  
tablets cost few cents. Druggists also  
sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the  
trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of  
Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Clark's 21st Mediterranean Cruise Feb. 2  
specially chartered White Star S. S. "Baltic". 65 days,  
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Greece, Turkey, Palestine and Egypt, Italy, etc., a  
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Jan. 1919, by specially chartered luxurious liner 4  
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Can be tucked under a seat cushion.

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for General Construction Work



## Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

Crumb family circle in "Faint Per-  
fume" (Appleton) is pretty terrible,  
and Zona Gale has sketched it well in  
strong, short strokes. She has not,  
however, been so successful with the  
young woman. She has instilled her  
own evident scorn of people like the  
Crumbs into Leda Perrin without  
endowing her with the humor and  
sweetness which would, it seems to  
me, be the natural concomitants of so  
much light. If we are to despise the  
Crumbs as Miss Gale despises them,  
we ought at least to like Leda a lit-  
tle better. Perhaps I should be just as  
bored discussing abstractions with  
Leda as she was over the Crumbs'  
constant concern with the concrete.

Diana Warwick.

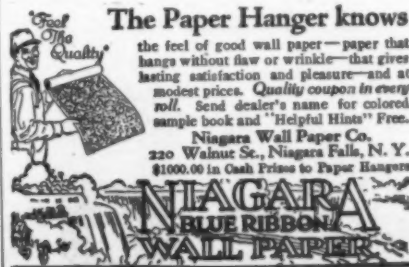
## Dilemma

Two eyes of brown,  
Two eyes of blue—  
I love them both.  
What shall I do?  
Both of them mine;  
Trouble begins.  
Bigamy? No!  
Nothing but twins!

## The Paper Hanger knows

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hangs without flaw or wrinkle—that gives  
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**T**OMORROW morning try dousing Listerine on your face after shaving. It leaves your skin refreshed, cool—and antiseptically protected.

Often your razor leaves a nick or cuts too closely. Listerine takes good care of that.

**T**hen some evening when your scalp feels itchy and tired, massage it vigorously with Listerine—clear or diluted with one part water. You'll find it has a wonderful exhilarating effect and, moreover, it is effective in combating dandruff.



*Wonderfully exhilarating as a scalp massage, and it combats dandruff.*

These are only two of Listerine's many uses. Read the interesting little circular that comes with each bottle describing many other uses—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

**LISTERINE**  
—the safe  
antiseptic



## Rhymed Reviews

### Books in Black or Red

By Edmund Lester Pearson

The Macmillan Co.

LIBRARIAN, incline your head!—

The greatest work of this semester is indexed: "Books in black or red"; The author: "Pearson, Edmund Lester."

The Subject: Tales defying Time, And limericks and things absurd, And novels (dime and twenty-dime), Old book shops, hoaxes, birds and murder.

But while it should adorn a shelf In "Essays, Modern," there's a rumor That some, including me myself, Intend to put it under "Humor."

For everywhere this author goes You'll hear a little stream of chuckles, While sombre Sham and pompous Pose Get lightly rapped across the knuckles.

He tells about the works and ways Of wicked literary fakers, Of books that cheered our youthful days, Of merry rhymes of ancient makers.

And of the Chinese sage who wrote The Crocodile a Maledictory, Or rather, Firm, Impressive Note And won a Diplomatic Victory.

He doesn't prose or condescend But gives you joyous conversation; And here I'll fervently commend The volume's model dedication.

O ye that stand at Gloom's abyss Beset by Russian wraith and boggy! A sane and happy book like this May keep your brains from getting loggy.

A. G.

### Some Playgoers

PLAYGOERS who troop down the aisle during the middle of the second act, talking loudly; playgoers who keep up a noisy chatter throughout the performance; playgoers who have been told that they "ought to enjoy it;" playgoers who step all over my feet during the intermission; playgoers who sit behind me and tell each other what is going to happen; playgoers who tap the floor; playgoers who go merely to see the audience; playgoers who have seen the piece eleven times; playgoers who miss the entire play.



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## An Egyptian Episode

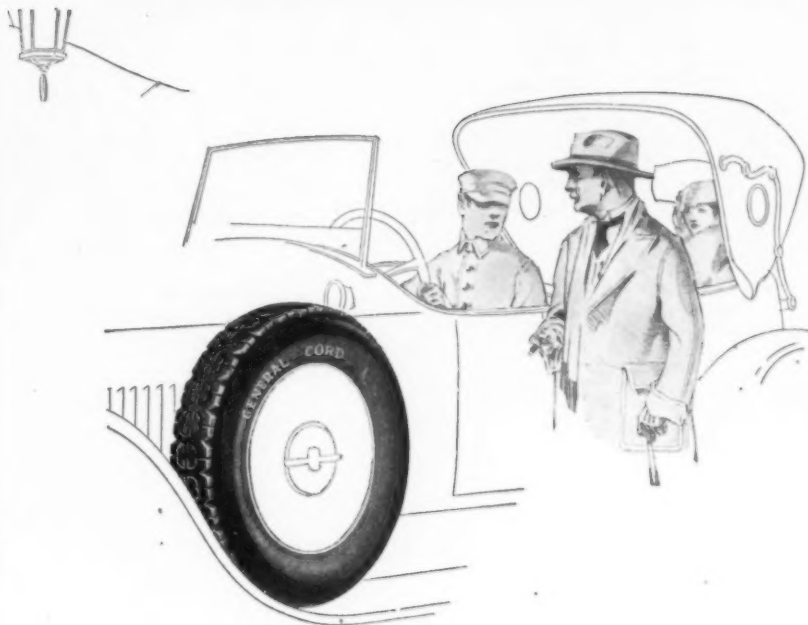
(Continued from page 12)

point of Tout-en-Carmen—I prefer the French form—being the last of the great Pharaohs. Since when has it been so creditable for a man to come in last?

"About us lay an unimaginable splendor of royal furniture, boxes, chairs, beds, chariots, tables, vases—it looked as if Tiffany had gone into the antique business. All these objects were of solid gold; you know the recent finds were only plated. The unbroken walls presented a mass of gorgeous picture-writing, not a chapter or paragraph missing, showing the King at his various pursuits, catching scarabs, hunting hieroglyphs, playing Mah Jongg, using the telephone. . ."

"I say. . ." protested Baline.

"Yes, the telephone. . . the dial system, too, which we are now rediscovering. Some of the passages in Dimitrino's life story were in poetry. There was a charming bit showing the King playing with his little son, Melachrino. In Egyptian verse the pictures rhyme in idea; for instance, a bird rhymes with an egg, a bow with an arrow, a chariot with a horse, a crocodile with a black and a serpent with a female figure. It is very simple when you get the hang



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—goes a long way to make friends

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Insist on a Double-D Tire Flap whenever you have a tire or tube repaired. At the best garages, tire dealers and accessory stores.

Made and guaranteed by the largest exclusive tire flap producer in the world.

DENTER RUBBER MFG. CO.  
Goshen, New York

**DOUBLE-D**  
TIRE **DD** FLAPS  
Increase tire mileage

of it. There was one particularly lovely scene showing Eks-Ito, the Queen's mother, being devoured by the royal vultures.

"About the sarcophagus stood statues of the tutelar divinities, Psh, Shs, Pst, and Tk, the Big Four of their day. The cover bore an intaglio in ivory of Thothmes, from which I infer that Dimitrino lisped.

"The royal coffin was sealed with two massive protocols representing Big and Little Egypt, both in perfect condition. With me at the time was my embalming expert, the Rev. Dr. Gay of the Gay Burial Parlors. I shall never forget his excitement when the inner casket was opened. Incidentally he presented a curious contrast with the surrounding splendor in his black gloves, frock-coat, and high hat."

The fire on my hearth had burned low and Baline shivered slightly.

"Just one question before I go," he said. "You speak of the walls being entirely covered with picture writ-

ing. The last blocks which filled in the doorway must have been decorated by an artist on the inside. How did he get out?"

"He didn't," I answered. "That was one of the curious customs of those wonderful days."

See next week's issue. \$1000.00 in prizes in the new picture title contest.

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The next sailings of first-class ships will be—  
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George Washington-May 19  
President Roosevelt-May 26

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## Tempora Mutantur

He had been away from home for twenty years. As he stepped off the train and walked up Main Street the old town seemed pretty much the same; the same old names, the same old places. Yet there was something strange about it all. Suddenly he realized what it was.

There was Schultz's Restaurant across the street, but the big, new electric sign in front of the door now read "Schultz's Rotisserie." He looked for Tom Williams' Real Estate Office next door. Alas, it was now "Thomas Williams, Realtor." Sadly he continued his walk. Graves the Undertaker called himself "Ephraim Graves, Mortician"; Fishbein the Tailor was "A. Fishbein, Sartorial Artist"; and Tony Lupo, the barber? The sign now read, "Tony Lupo's Tonsorial Parlor."

"All are gone, the old familiar places," he murmured sadly. "I'll go and visit Doc Richards the dentist. I'll bet he hasn't changed."

But, even as he spoke, he saw a sign which read, "Dr. T. M. Richards, Oral Surgeon."

## Books Received

Calumet "K" by Samuel Merwin and Henry Kitchell Webster (Macmillan).  
As I Was Saying, by Burgess Johnson (Macmillan).  
The Jack Lafajence Book, by J. J. McLoughlin (The American Ptg. Co.).  
The Nineteen Hundreds, by Horace Wyndham (Seltzer).  
The Honesty Book (National Honesty Bureau).  
The Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson, by Lloyd Morris (Doran).  
Singles and Doubles, by W. T. Tilden, 2nd (Doran).  
The Goose-Step, by Upton Sinclair (Sinclair, Pasadena, Cal.).  
The Barge of Haunted Lives, by J. Aubrey Tyson (Macmillan).  
Little Life Stories, by Sir Harry Johnston (Macmillan).  
From McKinley to Harding, by H. H. Kohl-saat (Scribner).  
Four of a Kind, by J. P. Marquand (Scribner).  
Ponjola, by Cynthia Stockley (Putnam).  
The Barb, by William I. McNally (Putnam).  
Fighting Blood, by H. C. Witwer (Putnam).  
Scissors, by Cecil Roberts (Stokes).  
So There! by F. P. A. (Doubleday, Page).  
A Daughter of Adam, by Corra Harris (Doran).  
My Two Countries, by Lady Astor (Doubleday, Page).  
A Handbook of Cookery for a Small House, by Jessie Conrad (Doubleday, Page).  
Wisdom's Daughter, by H. Rider-Haggard (Doubleday, Page).  
The Book of Building and Interior Decorating, by Reginald T. Townsend (Doubleday, Page).  
The Lucky Number, by Ian Hay (Houghton Mifflin).  
Demian, by Hermann Hesse (Boni & Liveright).  
The Secret of Woman, by Helen Jerome (Boni & Liveright).  
Murdo, by Konrad Bercovici (Boni & Liveright).  
Three to Make Ready, by Louise Ayres Garnett (Doran).  
Ten Minutes by the Clock, by Alice C. D. Riley (Doran).  
Plays, by Jacinto Benavente (Scribner).  
Career, by Dorothy Kennard (Century).  
The House on Smith Square, by the Author of The House on Charles Street (Duffield).

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\$1000.00 in prizes. Win one of them. Remember to buy a copy of the April 26th issue.

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MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs.

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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

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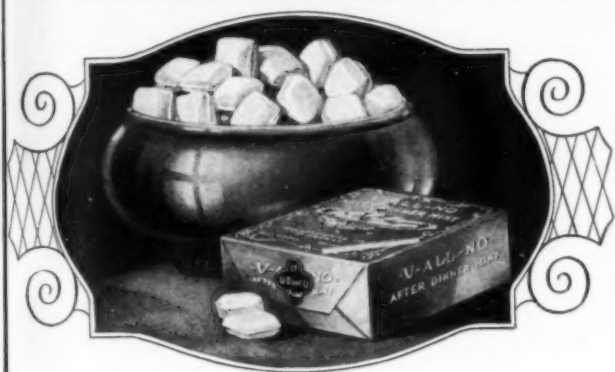
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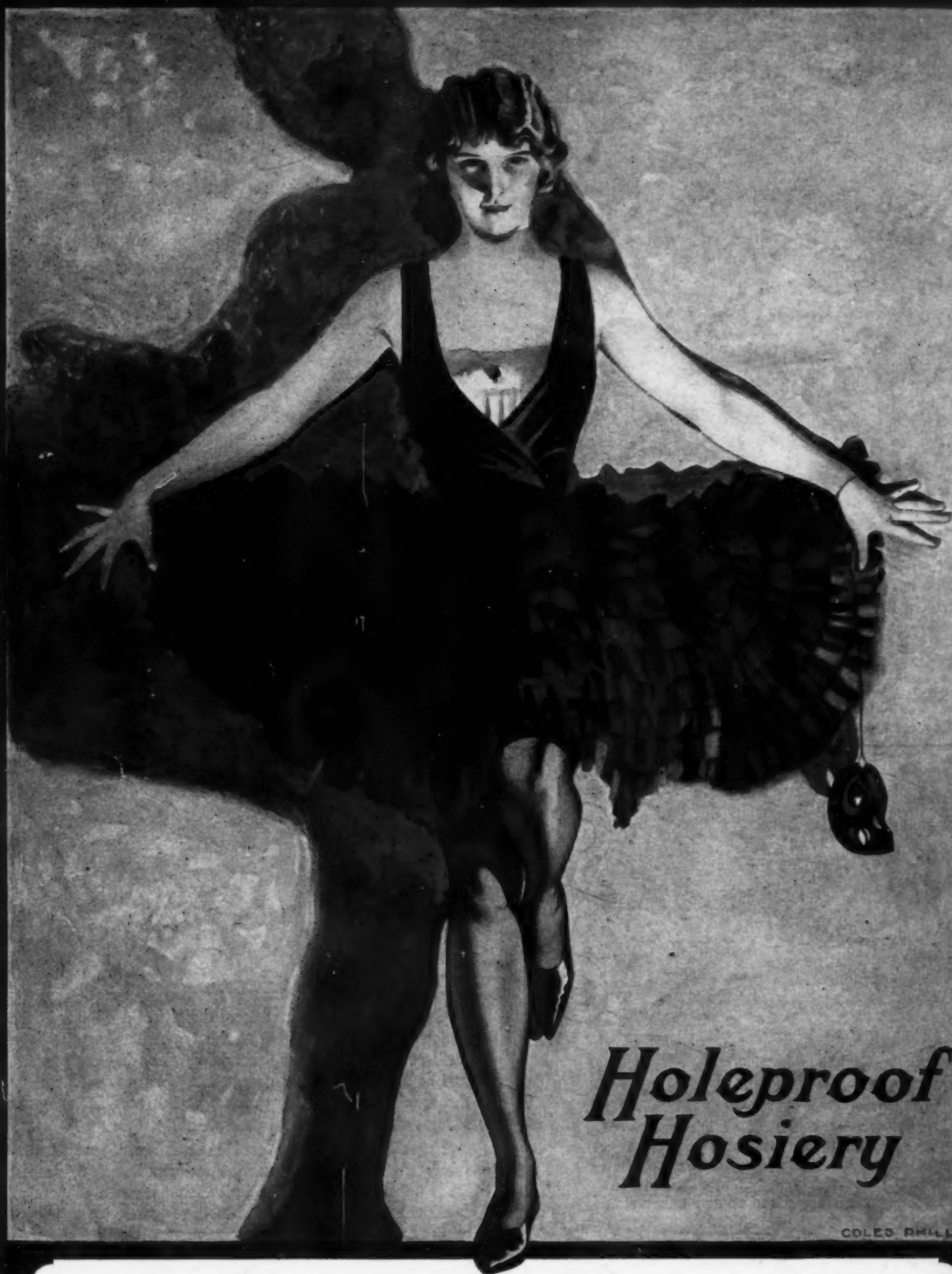
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